
THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
THE
SON OF ULYSSES.

K
Saliquac de la Motte Fenelon
(7. 25) Archbp of Cambray.



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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
THE
SON OF ULYSSES:
IN ENGLISH VERSE,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MONSIEUR FENELON.

Qui, quid fit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Pleniùs ac meliùs Chryssippo et Crantore dicit.

HOR.

by Samuel Leacroft

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MDCCLXXXV.

THE ROYAL HIGHNESS

C E O R



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TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
G E O R G E
PRINCE OF WALES,
THE FOLLOWING POEM
IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,
FROM A PERSUASION THAT
THE VIRTUES
OF HIS
FATHER AND SOVEREIGN
WILL EVER BE DEAR TO HIM,
AS THOSE OF ULYSSES
WERE TO
TELEMACHUS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

AMONG the various works of Genius, by which Authors of different nations have endeavoured to distinguish their own country, and to improve Mankind, the claim of Telemachus seems inferior to none; as a book that contains instruction adapted to the exigencies of every condition, an universal Code of wise Government, and a most profound System of Ethics. With all the diversity of Adventure, and high colouring of Fancy which Romance can require, the admirable page of Fenelon is exempt from those blemishes, which are a violation of delicacy and honour: no destructive mazes of amorous intrigue, no illicit scenes of voluptuousness mislead the unwary mind; or

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should any description appear too animated, if detached; like the violent heats of Summer producing exhalations that descend in reviving dews, it serves but to introduce a beneficial Moral; Vice never appears but to be hated; nor Virtue but to be loved; while the constant lesson of the whole is,

Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless.

If considered in the subordinate view of a Romance, Telemachus merits such esteem, what panegyric can display its title to the applause which is due to so excellent a performance, when ranked in the class of Epic Poetry? Ever interesting, ever informing, ever beautiful and sublime, it does not appear to be the creation of a single pen, but the collected effulgence of the Genius and Wisdom of every age and climate. By the exactest pictures of ancient manners we are transported into Greece, Phœnicia, and Egypt, and hear heroes and sages delivering the most refined and chastest lectures on politics and morals,

No

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No unjust wars are sanctioned by the interference of heaven; no winged horses convey enchanter through the air; no metaphysical quibbles bewilder the reader's mind, and, dancing like kindled vapours in the sky, take their ætherial flight to sink at last on the ground. Fancy and nature every where appear in happy alliance, and mutually reflect a lustre on each other.

The philanthropist and patriot can never tire in the perusal of volumes, where every page has a reference to public happiness and national welfare. The encouragement of the arts at home, a free commerce, a well-regulated and formidable navy, an equitable administration of the laws, a reverent attention to the sacred claims of religious adoration, are shewn to produce the only permanent glory of a state: and after the extinction of kingdoms (for the wise purposes of Providence in the revolution of ages), which were once the pride of philosophy and admiration of the world, Fame still announces from her immortal trumpet, that the affection of the
people

vi A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

people is the talisman of power, and justice the soul of society.

How happy the writer who, like the good Archbishop of Cambray, applies his talents to benefit his species; not turning the shining arms lent him by heaven to wound its interests; but employing them to subdue its adversaries, and to lead the votaries of vice bound in celestial triumph!

For such a hero as Telemachus, every heart glows with affection, every bosom beats with concern, every tongue is fluent in commendation. Friendship throws a veil over the faults which Candor acknowledges; frailty endears, and simplicity ennobles him; we are alternately won by his eloquence and his virtues; youth is captivated, and age approves.

But notwithstanding the indisputable merit of Mons. Fenelon's performance in the original (to which the numerous translations in our own tongue are sufficient vouchers) a poetical version seems still wanting to accommodate the taste of an English reader with

one

ADVERTISEMENT. vii

one of its usual gratifications, in an Epic Poem, which title justly belongs to these Volumes, though devoid of an ornament not susceptible of dignity in the French language.

To supply this defect, without daring to alter the plan of so comprehensive a Genius, to render one of the most useful and amusing books more agreeable to those who are fond of harmony, and to impress its salutary precepts more quickly and indelibly on the memory by the assistance of verse, is the design of this attempt, which, should the public-favour crown, it will be a pleasure to have engaged in an undertaking useful to the present, and perhaps not unwelcome to the rising generation.

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TELEMACHUS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

VOL. I.

B

ARGUMENT

TELEMACHUS, conducted by Minerva, under the appearance of Mentor, lands, after a shipwreck, on the island of Calypso, who is lamenting the departure of Ulysses. The goddess gives him a friendly reception, conceives a passion for him, offers him immortality, and desires him to relate his adventures. He describes his voyage to Pylos and Lacedemon; his shipwreck on the coast of Sicily; his narrow escape from being sacrificed to the manes of Anchises; the assistance which he and Mentor afforded Acestes against an incursion of certain Barbarians, and the gratitude of the king thereupon, who furnished them with a Tyrian vessel that they might return to their own country.

 BOOK I.

I SING the youthful hero's pious toil,
 Who left the pleasures of his native soil,
 His wand'ring fire from Troy's famed war to trace,
 Ulysses, wisest of the Grecian race,
 To free his mother from her amorous train, 5
 Who strove to shake her nuptial faith in vain :
 In various climes unnumber'd ills he bore,
 Ere he review'd his sea-incircled shore.

Genius of Poetry, refine my song !
 To future times this moral truth prolong, 10
 That wisdom flows to man from fortune's frown,
 And suff'ring virtue must receive a crown.

B 2

Calypso,

Calypso, since Ulysses left her coast,
No pleasure knew, in endless sorrow lost.
In vain flowers smile, and skies divinely glow, 15
E'en immortality augments her woe.
Her grotto, used soft music to prolong,
No more resounds with her enchanting song.
Her nymphs around her in suspense remain,
A sadly-silent, lovely-drooping train! 20
Alone she wanders o'er the verdant bound,
That with eternal Spring adorns the ground.
But far from bringing to her wound relief,
That spot recalls the image of the chief,
Who oft from thence, Calypso by his side, 25
Had view'd, with wishful looks, the circling tide.
Oft she stands motionless upon the shore,
Turn'd to that side from whence the vessel bore
Ulysses from her sight along the waves,
And still the shore she with her sorrows laves. 30
Sudden a shatter'd vessel's wreck she spies,
While floating on the watry surface, rise
Here rowers seats, there many a broken oar,
Mast, helm, and cordage, wafted to the shore.

Two men at distance mingle in the scene, 35
 That aged seems, this bears a youthful mien,
 In him that sweetness, mix'd with pride, appears,
 Ulysses' stature, all except his years;
 The kingly step, which seem'd his father's own,
 And by his air Telemachus is known. 40
 But though the gods in knowledge far surpass
 Mankind's aspiring, yet short-sighted class,
 Calypso's doubtful mind could not decide
 Who was the hero's venerable guide :
 For the celestial powers with ease conceal 45
 From their inferiors, whatsoe'er they will ;
 And Pallas, who in Mentor's form was veil'd,
 Chose to that goddess not to be reveal'd.
 Howe'er Calypso happy was to find,
 Safe 'mid the ruins of the seas and wind, 50
 Cast on her strand, to mariners unknown,
 Ulysses' son, in whom his father shone.
 To him advancing, seeming not to know
 The prince, she cried, " Whence doth this rashness
 flow
 Of vent'ring here, an uninvited guest ? 55
 By none unpunish'd is this island prest."

Thus she her joy attempted to disguise,
Which warm'd her breast, and sparkled in her eyes.

“O you, whoe'er you are, the youth replied,
A mortal born, or to the gods allied, 60

(Though if we view the features of your face,
In all her charms the goddess we may trace,)

Can that fair bosom no compassion show
To a son lab'ring with a weight of woe,
Who on your dangerous rocks has lost his ship, 65
His father seeking on the stormy deep !”

“Who is this father, thus to struggle doom'd
On stormy seas ?” the goddess then resumed.

The prince replied, “Ulysses is his name,
From Troy's famed siege, with other kings, he came,
Renown'd thro' Greece and Asia's wide domain, 71
For skill in council, valour on the plain.

Now wand'ring o'er the wide-extended waves,
Rocks he encounters, while the tempest raves.

His country seems the hero's fight to shun ; 75

Penelope his wife, and I his son,
All hopes of seeing him again have lost,
By the like dangers I myself am crost,

While

While I my wretched father's steps explore,
 Who lies, e'en now, perhaps, remote from shore,
 In wat'ry caverns whelm'd among the dead, 81
 While oceans roll their mountains o'er his head.
 Ah! pity, goddess, my unhappy fate!
 And if your knowledge reach his present state,
 Whate'er the destinies have wrought to save, 85
 Or to intomb him in a foreign grave,
 A tale so dear to me do not refuse,
 It is his son, Telemachus, who sues."

Calypso, pitying grief in one so young,
 Admired his wisdom and mellifluent tongue. 90
 On him intent her wond'ring eyes remain'd,
 Pleasure her accents in soft fetters chain'd.
 But silence broke, "Telemachus, she cried,
 Your father's story shall not be denied;
 Th'eventful tale at leisure I'll disclose, 95
 Toils, such as yours, persuade you to repose.
 Come to my grotto, and your cares resign,
 A mother's soothing tenderness be mine
 Come, and amid my solitude impart
 Joy to the day, and comfort to my heart; 100

Your earliest wish my fondness shall prevent,
You shall be happy if you will consent."

The hero follows, where she leads the way,
Round her the nymphs their youthful bloom display.
The goddess' stature rises above these, 105
Like a tall oak among the forest-trees.

Her charms Telemachus in wonder bound,
Her costly purple robe that swept the ground,
Behind collected artlessly her hair,
Yet with a grace beyond the nicest care, 110
Her eyes, from which a living splendor plays,
And last that sweetness temp'ring all their rays,
While modestly to earth his sight he bends,
In silence Mentor on the prince attends.

At length the portal of the grot they gain, 115
Where, though rusticity first seem to reign,
Telemachus beholds around him rise,
Whate'er can lure the rapt spectator's eyes.
'Tis true nor gold, nor milder silver shone,
Nor marble roofs, nor finely pillar'd stone, 120
Nor pictures which a fair resemblance give,
Nor bolder statues, that appear to live.

The

The vaulted cave was hewn in rocky ground,
And shells and pebbles deck'd the walls around.
A curling vine it's tender leaves display'd, 125
And in a pleasing tapestry array'd.
Though summer-suns intensely fervid grew,
There gentle zephyrs grateful coolness blew.
Soft purling fountains through the meadows stray,
With amaranths and lovely violets gay : 130
Or oft, collected, to the land supply
Pellucid baths, that may with crystal vie.
A thousand tinted flowers adorn the green,
Which round the grotto forms a chearful scene.
There tufted trees into a forest shoot, 135
Bearing uncommon apples, golden fruit !
Perpetual blossoms round the branches wreath,
And richest odour is the scent they breathe.
This grove the meadows crowns, while mazes run,
Weaving a shade impervious to the sun. 140
The only sound is of the birds that sing,
Or murmur of some rapid falling spring,
Which, bubbling, foams below the rock in vain,
Spreads a cascade, then shoots across the plain.

Upon

Upon a hill's decline the grotto lay, 145
From whence the changeful deep you might survey;
Now flat and glist'ning look'd th' unruffled tide,
Like a vast plain by wintry frosts supplied;
Now in an idle war against the rocks,
It threaten'd ruin with rough frothy shocks, 150
Which, roaring, discomposed th' incumbent air,
And billows roll'd with mountains to compare.
A river, in another part appear'd,
Where isles their shores above the surface rear'd,
The blooming linden crown'd their circled coast,
And lofty poplars that in clouds were lost. 156
The various streams, that form these numerous isles,
In the free scene indulge their sportive wiles.
Some roll their crystal waves with rapid speed,
Others in silence linger to recede, 160
And a third sort by a long winding course,
Return again, and seek their native source,
There in soft murmurs wanton eddies pour,
As though averse to quit th' enchanting shore.
Far off in ether, hills and mountains rise, 165
Whose forms romantic intercept the skies,
Framing

Framing at wish horizons to the sight,
At once inspiring rev'rence and delight.
The neighb'ring mountains green festoons display'd,
Luxuriant vines supplied the leafy shade; 170
The grape's rich clusters through the foliage glow'd,
And bent the plant beneath its juicy load.
The fig-tree, olive, and pomegranate shone,
Each with a fruit to mortal climes unknown;
All other trees that charm, their honors rear'd 175
A spacious garden this gay spot appear'd.

These native beauties to the prince display'd,
Calypso cried, " You need repose's aid,
Your garments change, wet with the briny main,
And when, Telemachus, we meet again, 180
My faithful tongue a history shall impart
Which will surprize you, and affect your heart."
To a recess she then consign'd their stay,
Within a cave that near her grotto lay.
The menial nymphs a fire of cedar made, 185
Whence circling odours round th' apartment play'd.
Retiring then they left selected vests
Worthy a goddess, and superior guests.

Tele-

Telemachus perceiving, meant for him,
 A tunic by which snow might sullied seem, 190
 And a rich robe of flaming purple hue,
 With broider'd gold refulgent to the view,
 Transported gazed upon the gorgeous sight,
 To heedless youth a natural delight.

But Mentor here with indignation moved, 195
 Thus awfully th' exulting prince reproved.
 "Telemachus, is this a worthy joy,
 The thought which should Ulysses' son employ?
 Rather for your paternal honor glow,
 Seek fortune to subdue, who frowns your foe. 200
 When a young man, like a vain female, plumes
 Himself on tinsel, and with pride assumes
 A gaudy dress, his cloaths declare his shame,
 Degenerate he from wisdom and from fame.
 Glory that valiant man alone adorns, 205
 Who nobly suffers, and who pleasure scorns."

The prince replies, while blushes tinge his face,
 "Be death my portion rather than disgrace!
 For why should I to live a trifle crave,
 Infatiate luxury's unmanly slave? 210

No,

No, never shall Ulysses' son descend
On vain parade for pleasure to depend.
But say, by what good fortune have we found,
Wreck'd on her island's unexpected ground,
This goddess, or this mortal so divine, 215
In whom such sweetness and such bounty shine?"

To him sage Mentor in a gentler strain,
"Beware that bounty do not prove your bane;
Beware her kindness wound not with deceit,
Worse than the rocks on which your ship was split.
Death is less dreadful in the whelming wave, 221
Than soothing pleasure, virtue's destin'd grave.
When she recounts Ulysses' various fates,
Be sure you trust not all that she relates.
Youth, tempted by inquisitive desires, 225
Too confident, a tender check requires;
Though frail, sufficient, it's own power it deems,
Of firm security in danger dreams;
It knows not what to follow, what to shun,
Fancying each glitt'ring meteor, is a sun. 230
Calypso's eloquence has dangerous powers,
Insidious serpents sting conceal'd in flowers;

Mistrust

Mistrust that snare, nor on yourself depend,
But always wait the counsel of your friend."

Now to Calypso's grotto they repair, 235
While she impatiently expects them there.
In snowy robes, their braided tresses tied,
The lovely nymphs a simple treat provide.
The heedless rovers through th' ærial way,
Whom, chirping o'er the meadows, snares betray,
Or beasts by arrows wounded in the wood, 241
The rural banquet form, delicious food!
More sweet than flavor'd nectar, drink divine!
From massy silver flows the ruddy wine,
In golden cups the sparkling fluid glides, 245
Emboss'd with flowers appear the shining sides.
In loaded baskets various fruits they bring,
Autumn's rich boon, fair promise of the spring.
Mean time four virgins of the blooming train,
Their voices raise to an harmonious strain. 250
The giants war their lofty songs relate,
Jove's love of Semele, and her strange fate,
The birth of Bacchus by Silenus bred,
The rosy God who decks with vines his head,

Fair Atalanta in the amorous chace, 235
And how Hippomenes obtain'd the race,
With golden apples, bright Hesperian fruit
He lured the lingering maid, and won his suit.
Fables, sung thus, no more appear to feign,
Rose-lipt persuasion trills a varied strain, 260
Though soft, not languid, though sonorous, clear,
Mellifluent melody salutes the ear.
Lastly their warbled numbers they employ,
To sing the war of long besieged Troy.
Ulysses, brave in fight, in council wise, 265
Their lays exalted to the distant skies.
Leucothoë, the foremost of the train,
Her lyre's sweet accents mingled with the strain.
But when Telemachus his father's fame
Resounding heard, he melted at the name, 270
The tears fast trickling down his beauteous face,
Gave a new lustre, and a lovelier grace.
Calypso saw the trouble of his breast,
And to the nymphs by sign her will express;
Strait they with art the tuneful theme reverse, 275
The Centaur's fight, and Lapithes rehearse.

Orpheus'

Orpheus' descent to the infernal reign,
That lost Eurydice might life regain.

The songs divine concluding with the feast,
Thus spoke the goddess to her princely guest.

"How dear, Telemachus, you are to me, 281

From your reception can you fail to see?

I am immortal, and no mortal here

May rashly with impunity appear.

Not e'en your shipwreck could my pity move, 285

Unless your person had inspired my love.

An equal bliss your father did enjoy,

But, ah! ingrate he knew not to employ.

Long I detain'd him in this happy isle,

And on him shed the bounty of my smile. 290

The tempest-driven exile here was free,

An immortality to live with me.

But a mad fondness for his wretched land,

Made him all these advantages withstand.

You see what he for Ithaca has lost, 295

Which he in vain pursued, an ever flying coast,

He wish'd to leave me, and this shore forsook,

Yet ample vengeance by the storm I took.

Long time the sport of winds, his shatter'd ship
 Sunk in the caverns of the whelming deep. 300
 Warn'd by his fate, your interest discern,
 How vain is strife with an immortal learn,
 No flattering hopes to see him now remain,
 Nor after him in Ithaca to reign.
 If destiny in this your wishes cross, 305
 A goddess' bounty far exceeds his loss,
 She proffers happiness to kings unknown,
 Yet more, she gives a kingdom of her own."
 Calypso then the pleasure sets to view
 Which in her company Ulysses knew. 310
 She paints his torch hurl'd at fierce Polypheme,
 Extinguishing the one-orb'd monster's beam;
 His strange adventures at the court relates,
 Where human blood dire appetite creates.
 In Circe's island she recounts his toil, 315
 And in what peril the mad gulphs embroil.
 Then the last tempest dreadfully she draws,
 By Neptune raised to vindicate her cause,
 When the king bade the goddess an adieu,
 And the toss'd vessel from her island flew. 320

She marks the tumult of the billowy way,
 As though Ulysses had become its prey;
 Hiding with art, that he by swimming gain'd
 A friendly refuge, where Alcinous reign'd.

The prince, who boundless joy at first express'd,
 To find himself so well received a guest, 326
 Now saw Calypso's treacherous design,
 And bless'd the counsels of his friend divine.
 Briefly he answer'd—"If my sorrows flow,
 Pardon me, goddess, this excess of woe. 330
 Belike that fortitude, some future day,
 May wipe affliction's streaming tear away.
 Exultingly my bosom then will move,
 Your proffer'd bounty, so sublime, to prove.
 Permit, at present, this compell'd relief 335
 Of aching sighs and pangful filial grief:
 Ulysses' peerless worth was known to you,
 You best can tell what sorrow is his due."
 No more to urge Telemachus she dared,
 His grief insidiously the goddess shared. 340
 She opens all the springs of female woe,
 Which for Ulysses seem afresh to flow.

To

To win an easier entrance in his heart,
 She asks him his own history to impart;
 And by what hazardous eventful train, 345
 He reach'd her island, wreck'd upon the main?
 Said he, "My story would your patience wrong;
 For tho' 'tis various, you might deem it long."
 "No," she replied, "when you supply the theme
 With your adventures, can it tedious seem?" 350
 She presses much, in soothing rhetoric wise,
 And adds resistless eloquence of eyes.
 While o'er his face consenting blushes ran,
 Thus the narration he at length began.

"From Ithaca I bade the pilot steer, 355
 That I might tidings of my father hear;
 Resolved a strict inquiry to employ
 Among the kings who came with him from Troy.
 My mother's suitors my quick flight surpris'd;
 Knowing their baseness, I this voyage disguis'd.
 Pylos owns Nestor's venerable reign, 361
 To Nestor I repair'd, but all in vain:
 To Menelaüs then in Sparta fail'd,
 Though a warm friend, my visit nought avail'd:

Neither of these could of Ulysses tell, 365
If still he lived, or in the shades might dwell.
Tired with conjectures of uncertain fame,
To Sicily I purposed next to frame
My luckier course, for there, the story past,
My father by rough tempests had been cast. 370
But prudent Mentor, whom you here behold,
The vanity of my design foretold.
He represented the grim Cyclops' brood,
And horrid giants quaffing human blood,
Æneas' fleet upon that dang'rous coast, 375
With all the fierce remains that Troy could boast.
Said he,—“These Trojans count each Greek a foe,
What triumph must Ulysses' son bestow,
A streaming corpse, a mangled nameless thing,
The slaughter'd darling of an hated king ! 380
Return to Ithaca, belike that shore
By your heaven-favor'd fire is reach'd before.
But if the gods indeed his fall decree,
If he must never more his country see,
Return at least t'avenge your father's wrong, 385
And free your mother from her amorous throng.

Your

Your wisdom to th' inhabitants display,
 Shew yourself worthy of the royal sway,
 Equal Ulysses' diadem to wear,
 And fond to rule with his paternal care.—" 390
 Such was the wholesome counsel of my friend,
 Yet to my interest I would not attend,
 I thank'd th' adviser, but th' advice despised,
 While folly led, and passion tyrannised.
 Howe'er my slight his friendship could not shake,
 The dangers of the voyage he would partake, 396
 And the gods left me to my wayward heart,
 That e'en presumption prudence might impart."

While thus Telemachus display'd his thought,
 Calypso's breast with admiration wrought ; 400
 A while the speaker charm'd, and now her eyes
 Attentive pierced through Mentor's grave disguise.
 Divinity she readily could trace
 In the wise features of the old man's face,
 But all her curious wishes would in vain 405
 The deep recesses of his soul explain.
 His sight constraint and diffidence imprest,
 Which 'twas her care should not by looks be guest.

"Young prince," she cried, "what yet remains re-
cite,

Still mingling information with delight." 410

The fair inquirer to oblige disposed,

Telemachus the sequel thus disclosed,

"Long time propitious gales and billows bore
Our flying bark to the Sicilian shore;

At length a fable whirlwind veil'd the skies, 415

And night impervious spread around our eyes.

But momentary gleams of lightning shew'd,

That other ships as perilously rode.

Æneas' vessels we beheld were near,

Which more than rocks deserved to raise our fear.

Now my imprudence, that no check would bear, 421

Rush'd to my mind, and fill'd me with despair.

Amid the dangers that disheart'ning frown'd,

Mentor not only was intrepid found,

But Fate's rude menace seem'd in him t'inspire 425

A brisker gaiety and vernal fire.

By his example waked, my courage sprung,

Enlivening eloquence adorn'd his tongue.

When the shock'd pilot could no longer sway,

Calm he control'd the dangers of our way. 430

So

So stands some rock of venerable age,
The seaman's hope amid the tempest's rage,
In heaven it's brow, the war of winds it braves,
And scorns the conflict of the blustering waves.

"Ah! Mentor, my best friend, I trembling cried,
What madness urged me to neglect my guide? 435
Unhappy I, who to myself would trust,
When youthful years advert to nothing just!
Nor past experience, nor forerunning sight,
Of dim futurity affords a light.

Nor moderation in the present hour 440
O'er the succeeding ones confers a power.

Oh! if we ever should this storm surmount,
As my worst foe I will myself account.

Th' advice of Mentor shall henceforth persuade,
On him alone "I will depend for aid." 445

Mentor replied, with smiles upon his brow,
"It ill becomes me to reprove you now.
Sufficient 'tis that you your fault discern,
And may hereafter wisdom from it learn.

Belike though when the tempest shall subside, 450
To blind presumption you again will slide,

Then I may hear you groan beneath her reign,
 And mourn the folly when you feel the chain,
 The present moment must your valour prove,
 Nor shrink at dangers, not let horrors move; 455
 Meet the fierce onset of the warring sky,
 With a firm brow, with an unalter'd eye.
 Before the rough temptation is begun,
 The hour of peril it behoves to shun.
 But when embark'd upon the roaring main, 460
 It's menaces the prudent will disdain,
 Then rise superior to the present storm,
 And let Ulysses' soul your bosom warm."

My friend's advice was tenderly imprest,
 While his own brave example fired my breast. 465
 But when I saw his skill to shun the fleet,
 Admiring I extol'd the fair deceit.
 While heaven afforded transitory light,
 Our ship exposing to the Trojans fight,
 We certainly to them had been betray'd, 470
 All had been lost without his timely aid.
 He spied a vessel not unlike to our's,
 Upon the poop was hung a wreath of flowers;

'Twas

'Twas his immediate care, our freight to hide,
 A semblant flowery garland to provide. 475
 He bade the rowers on their seats recline,
 That nought might frustrate his discreet design.
 In this condition, obvious to their view,
 Amid their navy we securely flew.
 Shouts of congratulation loud they tost, 480
 As though they hail'd companions that were lost,
 Nay, a long time driven by the wayward tide,
 We with our enemies were forced to ride.
 At last we linger'd joyfully behind,
 And while their navy roll'd before the wind 485
 Toward Lybia's coast; we plied our utmost toil,
 With bending oars to reach Sicilia's soil.

Hither for refuge we arrived in vain,
 Destin'd more dreadful misery to sustain,
 We found a race arm'd ready to destroy, 490
 A race, like those we fled, derived from Troy.
 There old Acestes 'scaped from sieges, reign'd,
 And Trojan hatred to the Greeks retain'd.
 Scarce to the land had we our passage wrought,
 But the inhabitants, in tumult, thought 496
 That

That we were either natives of the soil,
 Or strangers, arm'd their provinces to spoil.
 Our vessel was involved in hostile smoke,
 And our companions felt their slaughtering stroke.
 Mentor and me alone they deign'd to spare, 501
 To tell their monarch whom, and whence we were,
 The town we enter'd with strong fetters weigh'd,
 Our death was only for awhile delay'd,
 That we might yield when they our clime should
 know, 505

To the vile populace a shameful show.

Before Acestes we were doom'd to stand;
 A golden sceptre glittering in his hand,
 Vengeance and mercy to the realm he shared,
 For a grand sacrifice the king prepared. 510
 On his majestic brow high empire shone,
 His act was graceful, but severe his tone.
 He ask'd our country, bade the cause explain,
 That launch'd our vessel on the severing main?
 Judicious Mentor quickly made reply, 515
 "We from Hesperia sail'd, our land is nigh."

Thus,

Thus, straighten'd by our fate, he temporis'd,
And that our birth was Grecian well disguis'd.
No more the haughty prince to listen chose;
Fancying us foreigners who would impose, 520
Our bosoms fraught with treasonable themes,
Concealing dangerous machinating schemes,
He order'd to a wood we should be sent,
In vassalage to his own shepherds bent.
Thus sever'd from the world, I reckon'd death 525
More to be wish'd for than ignoble breath.
"O king," I cried, "to Styx far rather doom,
Than cloud our lives with this disastrous gloom.
Telemachus the wretched is my name,
My sire Ulysses of distinguish'd fame. 430
Like you, that father once a nation sway'd,
In Ithaca was happily obey'd:
I trace his devious course upon the main,
But, if I never must behold again
Nor my loved parent, nor my native strand, 435
And worse, must live a slave in foreign land,
Let me not linger to my friends unknown,
Ah! take my life, which is a burden grown."

Scarce

Scarce had I spoke, when the united cry
Declared Ulysses' son deserved to die, 540
That cruel chief, who Troy in ashes laid,
Should with his offspring's blood now glut the blade.
"Son of Ulysses! then Acestes cried,
The Trojan manes must be satisfied,
Who by your father and his callous host, 545
Were sent to visit black Cocytus' coast,
This sacrifice I will the croud afford,
You and your leader perish by their sword."
An old man then proposed to end our doom,
On good Anchises' venerable tomb. 550
"Their streaming blood will yield, he proudly said,
A rich libation to that hero's shade.
Æneas, when the tidings reach his ear,
Will learn with pleasure what he held so dear
While life remain'd, receives though dead, from you
Revenge so suitable, so much his due." 556
The throng applauding in his concil mix'd,
And all their thoughts were on our slaughter fix'd.
They led us madly to the destin'd spot,
Two altars for the deed were thither brought; 560
The

The fatal weapon, glittering, awe impress,
 The wretched victims were with flowerets dress;
 Death seem'd resolv'd his gorgeous meal to have,
 Nor grace might plead, nor piety could save.
 All soothing hopes of life had taken wing, 565
 When Mentor calm, with leave, address'd the king.

“Ah! if Telemachus, young prince distress'd,
 Acestes, raise not pity in your breast,
 Who never poised the javelin to destroy
 Your predecessors of renowned Troy; 570
 At least to your whole nations weal incline,
 And let self-interest bid mercy shine.
 By heaven bestow'd, my sure predictive skill,
 Bright knowledge of the gods superior will,
 To me has manifested, ere three days 575
 Unwin'd futurity's impervious maze,
 Barbarians, from the mountains rushing down,
 To raze your kingdom, shall assault this town.
 Haste to avert the dire intended harm,
 Lose not a moment, let your subjects arm; 580
 And the rich flocks that graze the fields, be sure
 Within the gates for safety to immure.

If

If false my oracle, in three days hence,
 Death with more justice you may then dispense;
 But if this warning do not prove in vain, 585
 Who life preserve, at least should life obtain."

Acestes, at these words in wonder bound,
 No common confidence in Mentor found.
 "Plainly, I see, O stranger, he replied,
 The gods, who fortune's favours have denied, 590
 Have largely recompensed their want in you,
 And given you wisdom more than mortals due."
 Mean time delay'd the preparations stood
 For pompous sacrifice of human blood.
 He gives, alarm'd at the predicted blow, 595
 All needful orders to prevent the foe.
 In ev'ry part 'tis one distressful scene,
 Each sex and age would in the city screen
 Itself from danger; trembling women here,
 The aged there, and children sad appear. 600
 The bleating sheep and lowing oxen join,
 Nor can the swain to all a roof assign.
 In vain of speech's meaning you would guess,
 In the vast throng who on each other press.

Strangers

Strangers and friends together blended strive, 605
 Confused and frequent as a swarming hive;
 Through different ways distracted many bend,
 Nor know which way their devious footsteps tend.
 While those who in the city highest shone,
 Fancying that wisdom was their lot alone, 610
 Smiled to behold the rabbles' bootless care,
 And call'd it all an arch impostor's snare.

But, ere the third sun to a setting drew,
 While various thoughts ran thro' the murmuring
 crew, 614

Lo! from the neighbouring mountains craggy
 height,

Appear'd a dusty whirlwind's awful fight;
 Terrific clangor spread, and strange alarms,
 Num'rous Barbarians shone in dreadful arms:
 Some the Hymenians formidable bands,
 Inured to blood, and bred to dire commands;
 Nebrodes and Agragas sent a train 621
 Rough as the horrors of their frosty reign:
 In shining hills there snows for ever lie,
 No tepid zephyrs o'er the surface fly.

Those who had Mentor's warning disbelieved 625
Were of their flocks and numerous slaves bereaved.
The king, addressing him, said, " Let the name
Of Greece and Sicily be now the same ;
Those whom I deem'd my enemies, I see,
Are my best friends — Henceforth our guardians be !
The gods, to whom in wisdom you're allied, 631
The gods have sent you to defend our side ;
I from your valour equal aid expect ;
Your counsel saved us, let your arm protect."

Uncommon courage shines in Mentor's eyes, 635
And strikes the boldest champions with surprise.
A buckler and a lance the chief assumes,
A glittering sword and casque with nodding plumes.
Acestes' foldiers, duly form'd, he leads,
And to the foe with martial skill proceeds. 640
High expectations shared the doubtful day,
Thunder and tumult, danger and dismay.
Acestes, though he bear a valiant mind,
Is forced, through age, to follow far behind.
The hero's steps I nearer keep in view, 645
But would in vain such valiant deeds pursue.

His

His cuirass gleaming o'er th' embattled field,
Blazed like Bellona's formidable shield.
Impetuous was his aim, and ever true,
From rank to rank death with his weapon flew.
The Lybian lion so, with hunger stung, 651
Amid a flock of bleating feeders sprung,
Rends the weak captive, grinds the panting limbs,
His tail he lashes, and in carnage swims;
The shepherd would in vain his rage defeat, 655
He places all his safety in retreat.
The bold Barbarians, who, their act to crown,
Expected they with ease should seize the town,
(Their hopes so far from being realized)
Were disconcerted, and themselves surprised. 660
Acestes' troops, by Mentor's words inspired,
But more by their old chief's example fired,
Felt in their souls unusual ardor rise,
Swift as the flaming bolt that fires the skies.
I, for my part, acquired a victor's fame, 665
The hostile king's own son I overcame;
The same our ages, but unlike in height,
He from the Cyclops sprung, of giant might.

With scorn he view'd me, as a feeble foe,
Fated to sink beneath his forceful blow. 679

His savage air, and his tremendous look,
His size prodigious I beheld unhook.

I poized my lance, and in his heart I died,
Of clotted blood he belch'd a fatal tide.

He thought to crush me with his falling weight,
The clangor of his arms the hills dilate. 676

Deck'd with his spoils, triumphantly I went
To shew my trophies in the royal tent.

Mentor with rout and slaughter whelm'd the foe,
And made the flying, war for woods forego. 689

Succes so speedy, and beyond all hope,
Gave to th' admiring million ample scope ;
" What power benevolent, what god, they cried,
Deigns in a veil of human flesh to hide ?"

Acestes, warm'd with gratitude, express 685
A prudent care, lest we should be distress

By an encounter with the Trojan fleet,
If with Eneas we again should meet.

A vessel for our voyage he soon decreed,
To waft us safely to our land with speed : 690

Laden

Laden with presents, we the island clear'd,
Prepared to shun those evils which he fear'd.
But of the natives he no pilot gave,
Nor rower to divide the sparkling wave,
Left they should prove remote from their own state,
In other Greeks the fierce remains of hate. 696
Certain Phœnician merchants were assign'd,
Who held a commerce with all human kind,
Who friendship to the world's wide confines spread,
And from no clime had any thing to dread. 700
These were to reconduct our borrow'd ship,
When Ithaca received us from the deep.
But Heaven, who smiles when we to plan pretend,
Design'd not that our labours here should end.

E N D O F B O O K I.

THE MACHINERY

AND SECOND

BOOK

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

D 3

A R G U M E N T.

TELEMACHUS relates that he was taken in the Tyrian ship by the fleet of Sesostris, and carried captive into Egypt. He describes the beauty of that country, and the wise government of its king. He then informs Calypso, that Mentor was sent a slave into Ethiopia; that he himself was reduced to tend a flock in the desert of Ombis; that Termosiris, the priest of Apollo, reconciled him to his condition, by teaching him to imitate the god, who had once been a shepherd in the train of king Admetus; that Sesostris at last heard of the surprizing improvements he had introduced among the shepherds; that being convinced of his innocence, he recalled him, with a promise to send him back to Ithaca; but that the death of Sesostris involved him in fresh misfortunes; that he was imprisoned in a tower on the sea-shore, from whence he saw the new king, Bocchoris, fall in a battle against his revolted subjects, who were joined by the Tyrians.

B O O K II.

THE wealthy Tyrians, insolently great,
Provoked Sesostris to molest their state;
Who sway'd where Nilus waters Memphian sands,
Who spread his triumphs o'er a thousand lands.
Commerce, the source of an unbounded store, 5
Nature with bulwarks circling round their shore,
Had, kindling in their hearts rebellion's flame,
Prompted to scorn a tributary claim,
Which the victorious monarch had imposed, 9
When the long labours of his sword were closed.
His treacherous brother, who from envy sigh'd,
Planning dire mischief, with their troops supplied;

D 4

Resolved

Resolved the rival hero to destroy,
Amid tumultuous pomp and festive joy.
The king's design of vengeance, wisely weigh'd,
Was to perplex that haughty people's trade. 16
His navy sought to interrupt their gain,
Where'er he found them on the spacious main.
Arm'd for this purpose, an Egyptian fleet
'Twas our disastrous destiny to meet; 20
When from Sicilian mountains we withdrew,
The haven lessening as the vessel flew;
Till scarce discern'd, it seem'd a point at most,
Then in the clouds and mingling sea was lost.
Th' Egyptian ships, a navigating town, 25
Approaching, on our hopes began to frown;
To the Phœnicians they were quickly known,
Who wish'd that on some rock they had been blown.
Vain was the wish, and art was plied in vain,
To shun the dangers of the hostile train; 30
With sails provided better, speed they made,
While favouring breezes in their canvass play'd;
Superior numbers row'd each winged ship,
And bore it lightsome o'er the yielding deep.

Our

Our bark they boarded, with their people mann'd,
 Carrying us prisoners to their native land.
 On our proud lords remonstrances were lost,
 That we were not of the Phœnician coast;
 They deem'd us slaves, by the Phœnicians bought,
 And of their prize's value only thought.
 Already we beheld Nile's foaming tide
 Whiten the ocean, with its waves allied.
 Th' Egyptian coast presented next a plain,
 That look'd just rising from the level main.
 Now Pharos' isle we reach, and flowery No,
 Vast shadows trembling as the waters flow,
 From towers reflected (art's and Egypt's pride!)
 Till wafted safe, in Memphis' port we ride.
 What generous heart but scorns the victor's chains,
 And, for th' oppressor's sake, his soil disdains?
 Could we have deign'd in slavery to be gay,
 Variety of charms before us lay.
 The country seem'd so lavish of delight,
 No garden could disclose a lovelier sight.
 Here flowers imbibe the sun's refulgent beams,
 In silver veins there intermingle streams.

Rich

Rich towns and villas in fair pomp appear,
 And fields that smile with harvests thro' the year.
 On verdant meadows sportive lambs recline,
 And rustics bend with burdens from the vine. 60
 There shepherds, scarce less innocent than doves,
 Attune their flutes, and warbling tell their loves;
 While friendly echoes in surrounding air,
 The gentle news to their coy charmers bear.

"That government, cried Mentor, must be
 blest, 65

Where wisdom actuates the royal breast!
 Plenty and peace must round the subject spring,
 And his heart glow with duty to his king.
 'Tis thus, Telemachus, that you must reign,
 And a whole people's dear affections gain; 70
 If e'er the gods your devious steps restore
 To your fire's subjects, and your native shore.
 Parental fondness let the public share,
 While grateful lips extol your godlike care.
 Whene'er the sober joys of peace they know, 75
 They will be sensible from whom they flow.
 Kings, who make fear and slavery their plan,
 Are sent by heaven in wrath to punish man.

True,

True, they are dreaded, as they proudly choose,
 But detestation fast their steps pursues. 80
 Lastly remains this secret sting severe,
 That they, who would be fear'd, their subjects fear."

To this I answer'd, "Others may excel,
 In elevating states by ruling well.
 But Ithaca I never must explore, 85
 Our country and Penelope no more!
 Should great Ulysses gloriously return,
 His eyes must never there his son discern.
 I ne'er shall know the pleasure to obey
 So wise a parent, learning thence to sway. 90
 Death is the refuge to the desperate given;
 Then let us die, since 'tis the will of heaven."
 My weakness thus I spoke without disguise,
 While my breast heaved with interrupting sighs.
 But Mentor, whose mistrust foreran each harm, 95
 When ill arrived, no longer felt alarm.
 "Degenerate son! he cried, Ulysses' shame!
 Can fullen fortune quench ambition's flame?
 Know, yet the day will come, when you once more
 Shall see your mother and your native shore, 100

E'en

E'en him you never knew, you shall behold,
Divine Ulysses, in all changes bold,
Who, while his sufferings exceed your share,
Exhorts you loudly never to despair.
Toft wide by tempests on a barbarous land, 105
Could the transcendent hero understand,
That nor his patience arms, nor prudence shields
His son from any dart misfortune wields,
How would th' indignant blush his sorrow show!
What poignant stings 'twould add to every woe!
See! he pursued, around how plenty spreads, 111
Where twice ten thousand cities raise their heads.
He praised their laws, that justice smiles to own,
While poor men never by the wealthy groan;
That education which obedience taught, 115
And train'd the youth to every thing it ought;
Which love for toil and temperance inspired,
With god-like zeal for arts and science fired;
Sacred attention to religion's voice,
Scorn of self-love, and honour's nobler choice, 120
Fidelity to man, and awe of heaven,
And praised the more, since by each father given.
"Happy

“ Happy the people, he would hourly say,
Who boast a prudent monarch’s gracious sway !
But far more blest, who gives their joy, the king,
And wears the wreath content and virtue bring !
He leaves to tyrants arts of fear, to prove 127
No chain so powerful binds as willing love.
The nation, not with pain, but pride, obeys,
O’er thoughts he triumphs, and in hearts he sways,
The croud, so far from seeking to dethrone,
Would life resign, in care for his alone.”

I heard attentively such wise discourse,
And courage felt returning with new force.
Soon as we enter’d ancient Memphis’ gate, 135
(Memphis by sumptuous piles and riches great)
To Thebes the governor would have us steer,
Before Sesostris that we might appear,
T’ examine all things his assiduous aim,
And much incensed against the Tyrian name. 140
Again the Nile our floating vessel bore,
The wondrous source of fruitful Egypt’s store !
Famed for a hundred gates, at Thebes we land,
Whence the great monarch stretch’d his wide com-
mand. This

This city seem'd so full, of such extent, 145
 That happy Greece no rival could present :
 Its porches noble, elegant the streets,
 Pure glide the baths, and each convenience meets.
 There flourish arts, for ages to endure,
 And public safety keen-eyed laws secure. 150
 Fair obelisks, tipt by the golden sun,
 Triumphant mount, and fountains sparkling run.
 Of polish'd marble sacred fanes arise,
 Simple, majestic, worthy of the skies !
 The palace looks itself a mighty town, 155
 Which columns, pyramids, and statues crown,
 Statues which life expresses, and towering stand,
 While gold and silver weigh each menial hand.

From our conductors soon Sesostris knew,
 They took us with a proud Phœnician crew. 160
 He daily heard whatever subject grieved,
 Or information graciously received :
 Nothing forbidding in his speech appear'd,
 With kingly mien he like a parent cheer'd.
 To foreigners a welcome warm he spoke, 165
 Thinking their visits still some secret broke.

Manners

Manners and customs entertain'd his ear,
And distant lands, in speculation near.
This curiosity appear'd the spring
That caused our introduction to the king. 170
Exalted on a pompous ivory throne,
In his right hand a golden sceptre shone :
Pleasing he look'd, tho' now to age declined,
Sweetly majestic as the gods we find.
With wisdom he decided, never tired, 175
That even flatterers silently admired.
By day he studiously fair truth explored,
And to wrong'd Justice her nice scale restored.
The night he spent with Phœbus' favourite throng,
Or listen'd to bright Virtue's sweeter song, 180
Which warbled from the vale, or on a hill,
Alike enchanted, and was heaven-born still.
Allow, he triumph'd over vanquish'd kings,
As if no change attended human things,
And chose a confident that I shall name; 185
His acts all merited enduring fame,
In gold and adamant sublime to stand,
Some monarch's pattern, born to bless a land.

My youth and grief produced a friendly flame,
 He bade me tell my country and my name. 190
 Even his questions mild condolence show'd,
 In streams of rhetoric while wisdom flow'd.
 "Great king, I said, to Greece so direful found,
 The Trojan siege is through the world renown'd.
 My fire, Ulysses, at Religion's call, 195
 Rank'd with the chiefs who wrought that city's fall.
 But since, an outcast on the dreary main,
 His kingdom, Ithaca, he seeks in vain.
 With filial piety his steps I trace,
 Tho' suffering now captivity's disgrace. 200
 Again let me behold my native shore,
 And to my father's fond embrace restore.
 So may the gods your children's life defend,
 And these the blessings of your sway commend!"
 Still with compassion gleam'd Sesostris' eyes,
 Yet doubting that the truth I might disguise, 206
 He bade an officer exert his care,
 And of our captors learn from whence we were.
 "They should be punish'd, if their tale's untrue,
 As hostile Tyrians, and imposters too," 210

(The

(The monarch said) "but if from Greece they came
 Be kind their treatment! for I love the name.
 From Egypt many laws have modell'd Greece,
 Who lives a stranger to great Hercules?
 Achilles' actions on the wings of fame, 215
 The wondering world with danger's thirst inflame.
 And when Ulysses' woes the theme inspire,
 Waked to a sense of glory all admire.
 Let one of our own ships their harbour press;
 I joy to succour virtue in distress." 220

But Metopis, with this commission charged,
 Had a base soul, by honour ne'er enlarged,
 Corrupt and cunning, still to treachery dear,
 As shone Sesostris' generous and sincere.
 By subtlety he labour'd to surprise; 225
 But finding Mentor shrewder in replies,
 Aversion to the reverend sage arose,
 Virtue and vice, like day and night, are foes.
 He separated us, and from that hour
 Mentor was lost beyond inquiry's power.
 This quick dismissal was a thundering stroke,
 That all my visions of gay converse broke,

He hoped some contradiction now would spring,
To wound at once our interest with the king ;
But most on dazzling promises relied, 235
To tempt my trust of what my friend would hide.
The charms of truth are for the just and brave,
He long'd to prove us Tyrians, to enslave,
Our innocence could not exemption plead,
Nor had the king foreseen the snare decreed, 240
O'ercome by fraud, Sesostris turn'd our foe ;
However wise, can monarchs all things know ?
The sly and interested surround their throne,
The worthy flee, who flattery disown,
The worthy would be call'd, and not obtrude, 245
And seldom princes know their real good.
But mark the selfish, obvious, bold, and loud,
Influating, jostling in the crowd,
O'er rivals towering on their supple knees,
Their price preferment, and their trade to please,
Specious in argument, and learn'd to quell 251
The royal doubts, if conscience should rebel.
How wretched is a king who hears their voice !
Truth's champions only can reward his choice.

Such

Such were the thoughts suggested by my fate,
 To Mentor's former maxims adding weight,
 To desert Oafis a slave I went,
 By Metopis to watch his cattle sent.—
 The goddess here precipitately cried,
 " Ah ! how did you, who rather would have died;
 Than suffer bondage on Sicilia's plain; 261
 Companions base, and freedom's loss sustain ?"
 Telemachus replied, " Still worse to know,
 Was fix'd the hard condition of my woe.
 Bereft the comfort of an odious choice, 265
 Slavery, or death, now hung not on my voice.
 Irrevocably doom'd a slave to groan,
 Fortune resolved her influence should be known.
 Hope to the happy flew with envied speed,
 Nor for deliverance had I power to plead: 270
 'The aged Mentor (as he since hath told)
 Reach'd their own land, to Ethiopians sold.

To scenes of solitude unknown to joy,
 Where burning sands the pilgrim's feet annoy,
 To mountains cover'd with eternal frost, 275
 In winter's tyranny where life is lost,

(On barren rocks lean herds prolong despair,
And vales to Phœbus sink impervious there)
At last I came, abandon'd and forlorn,
To such pre-eminence are wretches born. 280

Th' inhabitants, with whom I pass'd my time,
Were only shepherds, barbarous as the clime.
In unavailing woe I wasted night,
And watch'd the flock at dull returning light.
My harsh inspector, zealous to accuse, 285
Hoped to gain freedom for calumnious news;
But, the slave, with a tyrannic eye,
Enjoy'd my sufferings in every sigh.
How nearly by his malice had I fell!
But for the miracle which I must tell. 290
Oppress'd with grief beyond resource one day,
I let my fleecy charge at pleasure stray.
Beside a cave, reclining on the grass,
From life and pain I wish'd at once to pass.
Sudden the mountain trembled to its base, 295
The pines and oaks appear'd to change their place,
The winds submissively forbore to blow,
And from the grot a voice address'd me so:

“ Son

" Son of the wise Ulyffes ! like your fire,
By virtuous patience to renown aspire. 300

How little happiness to kings avails,
Who look in life for never veering gales !

By luxury enervated in mind,
Self-adulated, they disgust mankind.

How blest if you surmount the woes you weep,
Yet constant memory of past sufferings keep ! 306

For Ithaca you once more shall behold,
And read your name amid the stars enroll'd.

But, master of the fates of other men,
Think you were poor, and weak, and wretched
then. 310

Learn, from your sense of sorrows, to relieve
Your subjects love, and flatterers ne'er receive.

Conclude that all your greatness will depend
On passions quell'd, and honour made your
friend."

I felt these heavenly words exalt my soul, 315

Courage revived, and gleams of gladness stole

Across the gloom : that horror was not mine

Which makes weak mortals dread a voice divine.

Tranquil I rose, and, kneeling, rais'd my hands,
 To thank Miverva for her mild commands, 320
 I found myself at once another man,
 Wisdom t'illuminate my will began;
 Over impetuous youth she bore the sway,
 And charm'd my passions with a sweet delay.
 The shepherds thro' the desert grow my friends,
 My careful patience cruel Butis bends, 326
 Appointed to the slaves their tasks to show,
 And at the first an unrelenting foe.

To render solitude and slavery light,
 I wish'd for books, they put our cares to flight.
 Happy, said I, who pleasures mild pursue, 331
 From humble innocence what joys accrue!
 Happy whose recreations make them wise!
 Progressive views of bliss from science rise.
 Where'er the studious are by fortune cast, 335
 They have a source of pleasure that will last.
 That listlessness which poisons others joy,
 Ne'er injures those whom letter'd arts employ.
 Happy who love to read, and not as I,
 Regret a banquet which they can't supply. 340

Plunging

Plunging thus hopeless in a gloomy wood,
An old man near me with a volume stood:

Wrinkled his face, his forehead bald appear'd,
And to his girdle flow'd a hoary beard.

His stature high, his air was fit to sway,
Health thro' his features spread her triumph gay.

Lively and penetrating shone his eyes,
His voice was mild, his words in charming wise,
Were simply eloquent, above disguise. }

In Termosiris age convey'd delight, 350
Lovely at once, and awful to my sight.

Apollo's peerless priest, he deck'd the shrine,
By monarchs destin'd to the power divine,
Where figured roofs, and lofty columns stood,
Within the windings of the sacred wood. 355

The heavenly book that in his hand he bore,
With hymns was hallow'd, luring to adore,
Kindly saluting me, we soon conversed,
The past seem'd present in what he rehearsed ;
But brief his style, and with such grace inspired,
That the sublime historian never tired. 361

Futurity wide open'd to his view,
For human nature he profoundly knew.

No stranger Mirth, tho' Wisdom was his guest,
 With cheerful complaisance he still address. 365
 The sage was more insinuating than youth,
 Yet much he prized the young who revered
 truth.

In friendship soon our bosoms were allied,
 He called me son, and "father!" I replied.
 Unlocking all his literary store, 370
 I fathom'd sentiments unknown before.
 I thank'd the gods, who by this kind event
 Made me the loss of Mentor less lament.
 Nor Linus, nor the Muse's favourite son,
 On fair Parnassus loftier laurels won, 375
 Than round the head of Termosiris wreathed,
 Whose verse th' enchanting soul of music breathed.
 But not obtrusive of his matchless lays,
 The works of others he was fond to praise.
 In spotless white, and with his ivory lyre, 380
 Wild beasts subdued, consented to admire,
 The satyrs left the deep embowering shade,
 The dancing forests felt the notes he play'd;
 The mountains echoed to the powerful sound,
 And rocks appear'd at harmony to bound.

'Twas

'Twas his delight to spread, in lofty lays,
The right of gods to universal praise;
Or heroes honours loudly to proclaim,
Reflecting virtue, emulous of fame!
Or last, the steep ascent to glory show,
And mortals rais'd to heaven who toil'd below.

How oft my beating bosom would he fire!
Saying, Ulysses' son should never tire;
That Wisdom, stooping from above, must eye,
And one day crown the favourites of the sky.
How oft provoke me, by Apollo's name,
To spread thro' rustic souls the sacred flame!
"Apollo' vex'd, he thus began, to find
Jove's thunder cloud the blaze that he design'd,
Resolved the workmen should in vengeance smart,
And pierced each guilty Cyclops with his dart. 401
Ætna no more resounded with their toil,
A dreary summit and deceitful soil!
No more dire echoes roll'd in winding caves,
Nor awed, prolong'd, upon the boundless waves. 405
The Cyclops, thus disabled from their post,
The heavenly arms their usual lustre lost.

Vulcan,

Vulcan, enraged, his sooty dome forsook,
 The readiest path to high Olympus took,
 In smutty garb the senate of the skies 419
 He enter'd, and indulged a plaintiff's cries.
 When Jupiter, to brand a crime so new,
 O'er heaven's high battlements the culprit threw:
 His empty car pursued its usual round,
 The world was still with changing seasons crown'd.

“ But sad Apollo, of his rays despoil'd, 416
 Forlornly roved, and as a servant toil'd; |
 The god, the source of wealth, and pleasure's spring,
 Became the shepherd of a mortal king.
 Beside a silver spring that wash'd the shade,
 The swains attended to the notes he play'd.
 Till then precarious days they pass'd in strife,
 Strangers to arts, involved in savage life,
 To fleece and milk their flocks they only knew,
 The cheerless country frown'd upon the view. 425

“ But Phœbus spread the commerce of the mind,
 Awaked to happiness, and life refined.
 He sung the flowers that vernal heats diffuse,
 And Summer's welcome with refreshing dews.

He

He sung the fruits autumnal toils reward, 430
 And Winter-sports, when dance and flute accord,
 When youth, regardless of life's setting day,
 Enjoy the present, innocently gay.
 Exalting, by the numbers of his muse,
 The rural soul to philosophic views, 435
 He sung the beauties of the humble plain,
 Where zephyrs with perpetual verdure reign,
 While liquid mazes wind from mossy rills,
 And vallies sink beneath exulting hills.
 The varied seasons thus new charms acquired, 440
 Nature's wise page to brighter morals fired;
 E'en shepherds understood the truth of things,
 And music banish'd wretchedness to kings.
 All emulous of undissembled praise,
 Attuned the flute to harmonize their days, 445
 Pleasure and sport devolved a spotless tide,
 The smiles and graces wantoning beside.
 To happiness and virtue hourly dear,
 It seemed one holiday throughout the year.
 Nothing was heard but warbling birds around,
 Or zephyrs fond thro' waving woods to bound;

Or

Or crystal streams that from a mountain's height
 The sight and hearing feasted with delight ;
 Or rapturous airs the Muses oft inspired,
 On rustic tongues, and Phœbus' self admired.
 The god too taught them to dispute the prize
 Of speed superior, judged by charming eyes.
 He taught them too the sylvan arms to wield,
 With deers and stags to strew the hunting field.
 Till gods were envious of so blest a train, 460
 And call'd Apollo to his throne again."

" Son, he pursued, since your's Apollo's fate,
 Advantage from adversity create.
 Polish the rustic, animate the plain,
 And introduce the Muses happy reign. 465
 Paint Virtue lovely, set their hearts on fire,
 The chaste delights of solitude t'admire.
 Content, residing by exhaustless springs,
 Smiles at the restless palaces of kings.
 The day will come when you shall vainly sigh, 470
 To taste the joys that ne'er on mountains die."

He gave a flute then of so sweet a tone,
 Wherever Echo's sportive voice was known,

It

It call'd the shepherds round me to recline,
For sure it breathed a harmony divine. 475

I felt inspired to charm the listening throng,
With nature's praises in no vulgar song.

Our choral verses hail'd the crimson dawn,
And Cynthia's lustre trembling o'er the lawn.

The swains their cottages and flocks forsook, 480
And lessons of refinement from me took.

The desert bloom'd, to all Mirth gave her hand,
The natives manners seem'd t' improve the land.

Votaries to Phœbus, in the fane we stood,
By 'Termosiris hallow'd in the wood. 485

In honour of the god, the shepherds, crown'd
With goodliest laurels, gratefully were found,

The dancing shepherdesses, gay with flowers,
Offer'd the produce of indulgent hours.]

The sacrifice concluded, we display'd 490
An entertainment in the guiltless shade.

The flocks we milk'd a sweet repast supplied,
The fruits we gather'd pleased with these allied.

Our carpets boasted everlasting green,
Our canopies made roofs of monarchs mean, 495

The

Tho' brought from distant climes, enrich'd by art;
Too pompous for the pleasures glades impart !

But the day came that brighten'd my renown,
A ravenous lion on the flocks rush'd down;
Slaughter in crimson tides began to flow,
When with my crook alone I met the foe.
Erecting on his front his bristly mane,
His fangs appear'd, a formidable train !
His hideous jaws for battle he disclosed,
And talons arm'd to kill whoe'er opposed. 505
His bloodshot eyeballs flash'd with hostile flame,
And with his tail he lash'd his mighty frame.
Howe'er by mail defended from a wound,
(Their shepherds wear) I brought him to the
ground.

Thrice I depress'd, and thrice enraged he rose,
His yells re-echoed to my thundering blows. 511
Till strangling him, at last I quell'd his ire,
His spoils assuming at the swains desire.

This deed, and manners that I made appear,
Thro' Egypt spread, and reach'd Sesostris' ear. 515
He learned that one, a Tyrian slave supposed,
The golden age's bliss to wilds disclosed.

He

He wish'd to see me, fond of each soft art
 That elevates the mind, and mends the heart.
 He saw, approved my converse, and perceived 520
 The wrong he sanction'd, Metophris believed.
 To hopeless durance he th' impostor doom'd,
 And all the riches he had heap'd resumed.
 "Unhappy, he exclaim'd, who, raised on high,
 Sees truth thro' clouds, or by another's eye! 525
 All who surround him bias'd to deceive,
 Zeal varnishes the schemes th' ambitious weave.
 They love the king, who riches hope for prey,
 So false their love, they flatter and betray!"

Warm in his friendship, he resolved t' amend
 The wrong sustain'd, and to my country send 531
 With vessels and with troops o'er Lybia's main,
 To free my mother from her amorous train.
 I fancied that I saw the lessening shore,
 And round the prow heard crouding billows roar;
 The just reverse of fortune I confess'd, 536
 Who raises suddenly the most depress'd;
 I even hoped Ulysses might return,
 And after all his toils his island's welfare learn;

Nay, I despair'd not to see Mentor's face,
 Tho' banish'd far amid a savage race.
 I waited but for messengers I sent,
 All things seem'd verging to the wish'd event,
 When great Sesostris felt death's sudden blow,
 And plunged me deeper in the gulph of woe. 545
 All Egypt mourn'd the loss, as it was due,
 They mourn'd the sovereign and the father too.
 The old exclaim'd, still pointing to the skies,
 "Like him none govern'd, nor will ever rise! 549
 Why was he given, ye gods, and then bereft?"
 Who would survivor to the king be left?
 The young men cried, "the hope of Egypt's dead,
 Happy our fires by wife Sesostris led!
 From us he was resumed as soon as shown,
 We know his merit by his loss alone." 555
 His faithful servants, boundless in their grief,
 Refused at night affliction's best relief.
 For forty days indulg'd the public view,
 All throng'd the corpse to take a sad adieu;
 Each bore his form, his memory would perfume,
 Some, more attach'd, desired to share his tomb. 561
 Their

Their grief was just, for Bocchoris the son
Small love for science own'd, to strangers none.
The virtuous in his breast no friendship found,
He counted god-like glory tinsel-sound. 565
His father's power made him a worthless king,
Vice ruled, and loved her victory to sing.
He hardly thought himself of mortal make,
But held the world created for his sake.
His passions were his guides, and still to spend
His careful father's treasures all his end. 571
Unless you count the pleasure that he took,
When innocence beneath his vengeance shook,
When blood was wasted, provinces were drain'd,
And hardly strength to raise fresh slaves remain'd.
He loved the flattering counsels of the young, 576
His father's senate had an odious tongue.
A wicked monarch is a gentle name
For such a monster, to mankind a shame.
All Egypt groan'd, yet tolerating still, 580
For prior blessings, government so ill,
'Twas easy to foresee they would convince
Of his mistake the late repenting prince.

Hope of return to Ithaca was lost,
 I pined a prisoner on Pelusium's coast. 585
 From whence, with favouring winds, our sails had
 spread,

If Egypt had not mourn'd her monarch dead.
 While Metopis, from bonds unjustly clear'd,
 By stratagem again at court appear'd.
 'Twas he procured for me this odious place, 590
 Retaliating thus his own disgrace.

From converse shut, resolved no cure to know,
 My days and nights I gave to fruitless woe ;
 All Termosiris' counsel seem'd a dream,
 And the kind oracle's inspiring theme. 595
 How oft in sullen silence I beheld

Against the castle's base the waves impel'd !
 How oft at sea survey'd the vessels tost,
 And every moment trembling to be lost,
 Splitting with the first gale that thither blew, 600
 To founder on the rocks beneath my view !

I pitied not, but envied their ill fare,
 I cried, " their toils will either have a date,
 Or better fortune quickly will prevail,
 And home convey them by a veering gale. 605

To

To hope for either I must not presume,
 So fix'd the tenor of my cheerless doom!
 Lamenting thus, I view'd upon the main
 A grove of masts, and sails an endless train!
 The breezes in the bellying canvass play'd, 610
 And countless oars the billows frothy made.
 Tumultuous cries arose on every side,
 While some Egyptians to their arms applied;
 Others in hasty march appear'd to meet
 The friends and leaders of th' approaching fleet.
 I soon conjectured, that the crews inclos'd 616
 Of Cypriots and Phœnicians were compos'd;
 And as th' Egyptians tended to divide,
 I guess'd that Bocchoris, unskill'd to guide
 The jarring people, had provoked revolt, 620
 The subjects blood atoning for his fault.
 Th' Egyptians, who the foreign forces led,
 Opposed the rest, their monarch at the head.
 I saw this king, whose own example fired,
 For form and force with Mars to stand admir'd. 625
 Rivers of blood around him spent their store,
 His chariot-wheels were stain'd with clotted gore;

Encumber'd with a dead and dying throng,
The warrior stagger'd, as he whirl'd along.
The youthful monarch, of superior size, 630
Despair and fury painted in his eyes,
In every motion matchless vigour seen,
Made beauty dreadful by his haughty mien.
Like a fair steed unbroke, disdainful Stay,
He flew wherever danger mark'd the way. 635
But rash his valour, errors to repair
He knew not, nor to shun by future care;
His orders came ill-timed, or were not plain,
And ill he managed his most able train.
His genius with his courage well might vie, 640
But he was us'd on fortune to rely.
By flattery his native merit spoil'd,
At disappointment all his soul recoil'd,
Reason forsook him, his best friends retired,
An easy sway then sycophants acquired; 645
'Twas thus his real interest he withstood,
And forced th' aversion of the wise and good.
Long time he gallantly repuls'd the strong,
But fell at last, oppress'd by such a throng.

I saw

I saw him die—the dart a Tyrian threw 650

Enter'd his breast—the reins at random flew;

From his high chariot in a moment cast,

The trampling courfers o'er the monarch past;

A Cyprian foldier, severing his head,

Held by the tresses, in bold triumph spread. 655

That ghastly head suffused with blood, those eyes

For ever closed, my fancy still supplies.

Pale and disfigured was that face of pride,

On quivering lips unfinish'd accents died.

Yet death itself could not entirely quell 660

The look, that seem'd against e'en heaven to swell.

Yes, fancy ever will the draught retain,

And, if by heaven's permission I should reign,

The dire example will be deep imprest,

That power benevolent alone is blest. 665

Alas! that one, a public good design'd,

Should in oppression only pleasure find!

END OF BOOK II.

